cirintians spening the hoots argument of matter which bould may be found with the modern temience toward a consolidation of nterests there is not want that the besk ! Revereft shop, department as introduced but these great retail searts has been a powerful cluster enough furthermore by this moses of this people in the way of books. The department store competition has done away with the old high prices not on literature. Their lemands increased the supply; with the inseased supply and competition come lower prices, and so here we are in this last year of a century with books by the nut- lask for nothing in one she does not mean Item and prices ridiculously tow, The

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To wander around these book departments and examine their shelves is to meet with fresh surprises. They are perfect bookgallection of the holds that the stores used | stores under the roofs which cover a dozen or so other store. Disabuse your mind at ence of the telief-if you harbor it-that a book department means only the socalled "cheap" beens, for you will find the To one who come where thousing a few | ture books, the rare editions that before the evolution of the book department were hard to heate even in bookstores. You will find at the Grand-Lender the Thos. E. Mosher books for instance, those dainty olumes of rare MS, that every book lever

> of Mosher's "Markas, the Epicurean," so exquisite in all the detail that goes toward the making of a perfect book that it ranks beyond the much-heralded Father Alberthis, or, in fact anything turned out by the

The writer to test just how far the book department scope is supposed to go, asked at a back department for the "Restoration To-day rous need go without mental food | Dimmatists' (having in time past asked for them in book stores galore, but finding nebedy who seemed to know what they were, and had her breath taken away by being handed the volumes sought. It is needless to say that she has a wholesome respect now for book departments, and will

to bug in the future. But, to get back to the book department's longer mods starve himself to buy any- evolution, a time there was when church thing from Homer and Shake-peare down; publishing-houses sold the bulk of the Byhe finds the works of the less minds of the lifes and prayer books. If one wanted an aorid at his command and within his | Episcopal or Catholic prayer-book it was means. It is no lenger the rich man who | more satisfactory to buy direct from headfeasts on "rare old Ben Josson," Charles quarters for those publications. But times famb or Sinkespeare, Gollamith, Wordsworth or Kesis, Dickens, Dumas or Thackeray; the genius of all ages is now the at Crawford's.

The "standards" are in all the depart-Take a few of our great department ments, too. You can buy your set of stores-take the Grand-Leader, for instance | Dickens from \$10 a set down to a few it is one of the youngest, and, planted in cents a volume in any of them, and read small beginnings like Longfellow's turnip your Christmas Carol in peace. And so "it grew and it grew." At Barr's, Craw- with all the rest-Hugo, Dumas, Thackeray ford's and the Grand-Leader the collection -all the glant dreamers who have given

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us of themselves to be a Joy through of anybody. She has sung too many lables countless generations. Also the historical to sleep, who now employ her to sing their books and the poets, the books of travel bables to sleep, to run from any rivals. and the books of art-they are all there; some so tantalizing in their beauty of paone's desires do not stop with a library: eyes and the delight of sleepy hours. one yearns to own a whole book depart-

For the Christmas Season or Any Other Season. evolved into a whole bookstore, under the title of "department," no less great has been the evolution of one class of toy-books themselves. I refer to that old-time favorite, that foundation stone, as it were, of childhood's literature—the venerable and delightful Mother Goose. When she used

to go

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;
Home sgain, home again,
Jiggety, jig.
or sang songs about "Little Boy Blue," or
questioned "Miss Mary," who was acknowledged by all to be "quite contrary" and brilliant sword play, witty and unforced dialogue, and a series of as the growth of her horticultural experiments, which were not horticultural at all. she little recked that the time would come when she would run a "Wild Beast" show, or that there would arise a "Father Goose" to dispute her laurels with her.

But so it is, and just at this season you will find Mother Goose, in all the stages of her evolution, tremendously in evidence, She is at Barr's, at Crawford's, at the Grand Leader and at The Famous, in her earliest garb-"Little Jack Horner" and all. She is in every style of luxurious bookmaking, in all of them. She is just as good as anybody, and altogether to be desired. from a penny or two in value up to ricepaper pictures on bristol-board pages, in

There may be "Richmonds in the field," but Mother Goose is still Mother Goose, the per, print, binding and illustration that patron saint of baby days, the joy of baby

Since "Alice in Wonderland" was writter ment and be done with it.

But if a few Christmas toy-books have book to boys and girls beyond their haby days, it has never had a rival worthy of the name until this year, when I. Frank Baum and W. W. Denslow (they who are responsible for "Father Goose"), gave us "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," must look to her laurels; they tell me at the department stores that the "Wizard" is calling off as many children to follow him as the Pied Piper of Hamilia It is all about a little girl who, with her little dog Toto went up in a Kansas cyclone to a wonderful country. It tells all about her queer adventures and how she finally-with Total Intact-got safely back to terra firma; I. e. Kansas, again. And it is full of july, good pictures, pictures that emicar the woodman" and "the scare-crow," and the "cowardly lion," not to mentlen 'Tet." and "Dorothy," to the hear; of every loy and girl who reads about them, and the perspect is, I understand, that by the time Christmas is a week old 'mest all the boys and girls will be on speaking terms with these various aforesaid personages. It is whispered that Barr's Santa Claus has

As to "Henty" books and those things it goes without saying that no book department that attends to its business, is withpaper pictures on bristol-board pages, in full-dress binding, at—well, prices to correspond. She is holding her own against the charming "Father Goose," and, though she lets "Mister Bunny" and the "Bandit Mouse" live, personally she is not afraid what you do.

PONTIAC AND ST. ANGE **BURIED SIDE BY SIDE.**

The Ottawa's Hatred of the English-Speaking Pioneers.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

I notice in The Republic of recent date
the announcement of the purpose of the

The reception tendered to him in St. Louis "If I am any judge, Mrs. Crowninshield's novel is going to make the announcement of the purpose of the St Louis Chapter of the Daughters of the something like a sensation. It has a most remarkable plot." -- Jeannette

American Revolution to erect a bronze tablet, with appropriate inscription, in the rotunda of the Southern Hotel, to perpetuate the memory of the life, tragic death and burial of Pontiac, the leader of the Ottawas, Ojibways and Pottawatomies in the region of the great Northern lakes,

During the great street illumination in

was the southwest corner of Fourth and Walnut streets and near the Southern Hotel. While standing there I recalled the interesting historical fact, and directed Celonel Armstrong's attention to it, that we stood on "holy ground," it being the apot, or very near it, at which, in 1769, five years after the founding of St. Louis by M. Laclede and Auguste Chouteau, the remains of the celebrated Ottawa Indian chief Fontiac were buried and at which tossibly they yet recess. "Its engaging drollery almost defies analysis, yet the adult reader whose first impulse is to throw the book aside with a pooh-pooh of dis-

Cossibly they yet repose.

Pontiac was the most noted and influential Indian chieftain of his generation, the "big brave" of Western savages, and undoubtedly the mightlest man of war who ever reigned over the red men of the Mississippi Valley. He was a typical Western Indian. In respect to friends, no nobier, braver heart ever beat in the breast of a white man. Toward enemies, however, no treachery was considered unworthy or dishonor-able, no torture too severe. Disculboweling-his victims, he could wilness their writh-ings in agony without emotion or sym-

In 1765 St. Ange de Bellerive (as he is miscalled in history, for this was a nickname) was the French commandant of Fort Chartres, which was located in the American Bottom a short distance above Kaskaskis and less than a mile from the east bank of the Mississippi River. After the surrender of the fort to Captain Stirling by St. Ange, under the treaty of Paris, 1783, the fort passed from French to English con-trol, and the French commandant, July 7, 1765, removed with his officers and troops to St. Louis, which thereafter was considered the capital of Upper Louisiana.

St. Ange and his men hated the English and the American settlers of English descent, and Pontiac fully shared their animosity. This fact proved a strong bond of union between St. Ange and Pontiac

of union between St. Ange and Pontiac.

Pontiac's prowess in war and his distinguished natural abilities enabled him to form a confederation of many of the Indian tribes to resist the warlike purposes of the English. These facts, added to the dis-tinction he won in the ambuscade and de-feat of Braddock, near Pittsburg, and the terrible massacre at Michilimackinak, invested his name with a romance that ex-cited everywhere intense curiosity to behold the great chieftain. This finally proved a

the great chieftain. This finally proved a cause of his death.

In 1769 St. Ange invited Pontiac to visit him at St. Louis and urged him to accept the courtesy. He came, and was warmly received. He came gayly bedecked in the gaudy uniform of a French officer, for the French-Canadian Government had rewarded him for his hatred of the English and the

was most cordial and demonstrative.

region of the great Northern lakes.

The occasion is opportune to recall and put on record some of the facts relating to the subject.

Style of a pioneer French village. Debauch after debauch followed. The great Pontiac fell a victim to the "fire water" of the "palefaces," and his star was set. Protesting to the palefaces, and his star was set. Protesting to the palefaces, and his star was set. tations and advice from his friend St. Ange During the great street illumination in St. Louis on Thursday night, September 18, 1891, I was so fortunate as to be chaperoned in witnessing it by my old friend, the late Colonel David H. Armstrong, who died March 18, 1892.

One of our many points of observation was the southwest corner of Fourth and Wainut streets and near the Southern Hotel. While standing there I recalled the treresting historical fact, and directed the treresting historical fact, and directed the control of th kaskia Indian, with a barrel of whisky, to get him drunk, entice him into a neighboring thicket and brain him with a toma-hawk. When his dead body was discovered

St. Ange and the French citizens of the place had it carefully conveyed across the river to St. Louis, and with much pomp and military display buried the body near one of the four large towers or hastions built in connection with a stockade around the city for defense against Indians. The in-terment was made at the intersection of what are new Fourth and Walnut arrests, the site of the lower, and very near, if not varify at the mathematic ground of the

cxactly, at the nouthwest corner of the present Southern Hotel building.

On becomber 25, 1734, St. Ange died and was buried, at his own request, by the side of Pontiac; and the proposed tablet of the St. Louis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be a memorial near the graves of St. Louis's first Governor and America's greatest Indian—an Indian who hated the English and the Englishspenking colonists of America. It was the lot of these same English-spenking colonists to develop Louisiana and make it pow-erful. Pontine's hate was powerless to check them.

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DAVID BISPHAM, THE EMINENT BARYTONE, Who Is to Sing for the Morning Choral.

Y Y Y

"The Spiritual Significance" by Lilian Whit- HE STOPPED THE CLOCK. "In and Amund the Grand Cany n." by George One of the practical jokes of the amicably

Irrepressible Robert Barr comes to light! It seems that the tower of the Courthouse at Wilhesburre, Pa., has a big clock with four faces, says The Bookman, This clock is normally sedute and well behaved as beomes the very respectable city which it asterns; but one morning, a number of years ago, Wilkesbarre awoke to find that each of the faces was telling a different story, and the bell a fifth story, for when the bell rang out the hour of 3 in the afternoon it was 8 o'clock by the north face, 2 by the west, 12 by the east, and 10 by the south. The four faces and the bell were brought but harmony, but the perpetrator of the peruliar atrocity remained undiscovered. A few weeks ago a Wilkesbarre young lady, in reading about the adventures of Jenne Baxter, pounced upon a rather remarkable inaccuracy. She discovered that Mr. Barr on one page gave his heroine light hair and on another attributed to her raven locks, and so she sat down straightway and wrote to Mr. Barr about the matter. Mr. Barr's reply, which we append, not only touches the color of Jennie Haxrer's hair, but upon the color of Jennie Baxter's hair, but it clears away the mystery which formerly surrounded the surprising behavior of the

Wilkesharre City Hall clock.
Hil head, Woldingham, Surrey, England— Dear Miss: Your letter has remained unanswered for some time, because I have been very busy trying to make up for time en-loyed for three months in America, when I did nothing but fool around the country in the snow. Why did I make Jennie Bax-ter have fair heir on page 2, and black heir on page 145? I'm sure I don't know. Can't fair hair be dyed black? I thought it could. dyed her hair, do you? It was all a mistake on my part, unnoticed when I read the proofs. It was a judgment on me for hav-Ten and Your Dector," by W. B. Deberty.

Jamieson-Higgins Company, Chicago.

Line on the tower there for the City Hall, isn't it?) and pushed the hands of the big clock so that all the faces gave difference. ent time and all wrong. I was never caught, but I was young and frivolous at the time, so retribution waited on me until now. I think that must be the true explanation.

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